

Great and Good News  
FOR THE  
**Church of England,**

If they Please to Accept thereof :

OR THE  
**Latitudinarian Christians**

Most Humble

Address and Advice

To all the Imposing

**Clergy Men**

Of the said

**CHURCH,**

BY

What Names or Titles soever Dignified  
or Distinguished.

---

*With Allowance, May the 28th 1688.*

---

Printed for *H. L.* and *J. K.*

### A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs,  
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.  
Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to't a right hath better,  
A *wright*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore of old *black-letter*.  
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all laugh—  
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they're not bound in *calf*!  
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it;  
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to "*dog's-eat*" it!  
And o'er my books when book-worms "*grub*," I'd have them understand,  
No marks the margins must *de-face* from any busy "*hand*!"  
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e'er some critic spy leaves,  
It always him so *wasp-ish* makes, though they're but on the *fly-leaves*!  
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not *de-fer* to *deal* a fate most meet—  
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a *sheet*!  
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deemed a *bore*—his candid mind revealing,  
Declares, to beg "*a copy*" now's a mere *pre-text* for stealing!  
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,  
I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such "*fry*" should *dish* me!  
—But hold,—though I again declare withn-holding I'll not *brook*,  
And "*a sea of trouble*" still shall take to bring book-worms "*to book*!"



11626 64. 21

Great and Good News  
FOR THE  
**Church of England,**

If they Please to Accept thereof :

OR THE  
**Latitudinarian Christians**

Most Humble

Address and Advice

To all the Imposing

**Clergy Men**

Of the said

**CHURCH,**

BY

What Names or Titles soever Dignified  
or Distinguished.

---

*with Allowance, May the 28th 1688.*

---

Printed for *H. L.* and *I. K.*



Great and good News  
FOR THE  
**Church of England,**

If they Please to Accept thereof :

OR THE  
**Latitudinarian Christians**

Most Humble  
**Address and Advice, &c.**

**Y**OU Topping Clergy of the *English Church*,  
Who still would leave Dissenters in the Lurch,  
And by your Laws have always them Perplext,  
And with your Pinfolds have them sorely Vext ;  
Whom you have Prosecuted unto Death,  
And so will do (we fear) while you have Breath :  
We pray that you will take this in good Part,  
Which we present both from our Hands and Heart,  
Wherein You'll find no Plots, nor no Designs,  
But only such to mend the present Times,  
The which if you (with patience) will Peruse,  
You'll see we shall not in the least Abuse  
Your Gravities with any frothy Story,  
But what shall tend unto your future Glory ;

*The Pinfold*

We wish with all our Hearts your Church to see,  
 A true Reformed one to set us Free  
 From Penal Statutes, likewise from all Such  
 Who will compel all Men to come to Church,  
 Before they are convinc'd which Church is true,  
 And such (to our great Grief) were most of You,  
 Who would us force beyond that Gospel Light,  
 Which bids first Prove, and then to take the Right:  
 That Light's our Rule, our Reason is the Judge,  
 And for that Topick you did us so Grudge;  
 We must except those Masters of great Sence,  
 Which to Dissenters never gave Offence,  
 But have true Love and Charity for All,  
 Who through Christ upon the Lord do Call;  
 And no distinction now among us Make,  
 Bearing good will to all for Christ his Sake;  
 Such Men we'll own so long as we have Breath,  
 A sweet Perfume they leave here after Death:  
 These are the Men which in your Church are Best,  
 (A thing too serious to be made a Jest)  
 Though oft traduc'd for this Christian Frame,  
 By your own selves, wherein you are to Blame  
 For to relate that they will tack About  
 To any side before they will turn Out:  
 Trimmers you call them, Men of Latitude,  
 And so expose them to the Multitude,  
 Who can't distinguish between Doves and Crows,  
 Between a *Jehu* Race of Men and Those  
 Who are the Grace of all your *English Church*,  
 We pray to God that you may all be such.  
 Draw out these Worthy Men but from your Line,  
 Your Churches will appear like *Pharaohs* Kine.



The Reverend *Whitchot*, your own Churches Son, *P. W.*  
 Taught this great Truth, (and now to Heav'n is Gon)  
 That every Man here for himself judg must,  
 And not to take our Faith on Humane Trust;  
 But search and try until we plainly See,  
 What Men propose with Gods Word do Agree  
 ( Like the *Berean* Saints whodid the Same,  
 And by it got an everlasting Name,  
 For noble Minds, upon Divine Record,  
 For their strict search into his Sacred Word )  
 Write by his Copy, and let all Men See,  
 You love not Force, but equal Liberty.  
 This thing alone advance your Church will More,  
 Then all those Lash-whips used Heretofore  
 In this our Land, to scourge Dissenters In,  
 ( Though first contrived by the Man of Sin )  
 Our Gracious Prince hath now led us the Way,  
 Pray do not you too long behind him Stray;  
 Advance betimes ( next Year may be to Late, )  
 Before your Church receive a bruised Pate,  
 You do postpone our Happiness Herein,  
 And make your Church Obnoxious to the King,  
 Who hath you promis'd fairly, to Protect ;  
 But if his Favours you so much Neglect,  
 And will stand out ; yet if his Bowls run True,  
 It will be done, and then no thanks to You;  
 Active Obedience to his just Command,  
 Is now adaies, only a Rope of Sand.  
 The *Non-resistance* formerly you Taught,  
 Is at this time esteemed good for Naught ;  
 Your *Eagle* Eyes, in this bright Age sees More,  
 Then all your Predecessor Heretofore :

Passive Obedience now is gon Astray;  
 Prayers and Tears, which was the only Way  
 In former times unto a future Glory,  
 Is now become a Complimental Story.  
 The Royal Word, it was a sacred Text  
 In the last Reign; but now you are so Vext,  
 When this great Prince doth offer you so Fare,  
 Which shews to him what sort of Men you Are;  
 Let *Cæsar* hugg you, then you will all Sing  
*Vive le Roy*, God bless our gracious King;  
 But if he touch your Laws but in the Least,  
 Though unjust, then to the scarlet Beast,  
 He is of kin, that nothing will go Down  
 With your fat *Church*, that will advance his *Crown*;  
 Unless your selves shall Partners be with Him,  
 You'll wear the *Scepter*, him the *Diadem*.  
 (Unhappy Prince, whose Priests do him Besstride,  
 Not to advance Gods Truth, but their own Pride)  
 This is the very temper of all Such  
 Who are true *Tories* in your *English Church*;  
 Though you pretend to be so truly Loyal,  
 Yet when from *Court* you have the least Denial  
 In what you do expect, oh then you Huff,  
 And Heave, and Bounce, and presently take Snuff;  
 And so as Male-contents you all Agree,  
 To sound Defiance to his *Majesty*,  
 In what he doth so Christian like Propose  
 To all his Subjects whether Friends or Foes,  
 With so much Reason, Equity and Right,  
 That all good Men in him their Souls Delight;  
 And pray so heartily for him that He  
 From Antichristian Yokes may make us Free;

And

And in due time may he his Subjects Bring  
 To their right wits, and then we all shall Sing,  
 This is the Prince of all the *Norman Race*,  
 Who came so near to the true *Christian Pace*;  
 And sure will be when Men have spent their Darts,  
 Not King of Clubs, but King of all our Hearts,  
 Which God Almighty grant in his good Time,  
 That all may, say, he is a Prince Divine.  
 Now for the *Test*, Let not your *English Church*  
 Be so concern'd, but leave that unto such,  
 Which shall our Trustees be, who doubtless Will  
 Act that Affair with Prudence and with Skill:  
 If they propose therein something in Stead,  
 What's that to us, so they can please the Head:  
 (All would be States-men in this present Age,  
 Most of them over-wise, few truly Sage)  
 To joyn with him in that which is so Meet,  
 Most Men will say therein you'l be Discreet.  
 But by refusing of your free Consent,  
 What do you mean, or what is your Intent;  
 In this affair, except it be, to Show  
 You will be cross, unless your Church shall Crow,  
 And drive all others from their present Station,  
 Which is once more, to begger half the Nation.  
 (This we insert here only for your Sake,  
 Because the right way, we would have you Take)  
 Our Valiant Prince for us hath led the Van,  
 Lets take his Reer with all the speed we Can;  
 This plain *Address* may serve to mend us All,  
 Don't then reject, what's offer'd from *White-Hall*;  
 Should you withstand this equal Liberty,  
 Most men would say, your Church loves Popery

More then all them, who now do it Profess,  
 How you'l come off herein we cannot Guess :  
 And those who shall now bear it for their Crest,  
 Will be a Faction sure to all the Rest ;  
 Who will combine together to pull Down,  
 All topping *Tories*, that shall wear that *Crown* ;  
 Joyn then with us, and you shall quickly See,  
 We shall be in that Year of Jubilee,  
 Which is to come to pass in this our Isle,  
 By Northren Race, to make this Nation smile ;  
 Our Christian Star, hath brought us near that Point,  
 Which will Cement us all in every Joynt,  
 Unless you shall it stubbornly Prevent,  
 By throwing Bones into next Parliament ;  
 Which if you should, you may repent too Late,  
 When Truth shall rise with splendor and in State ;  
 And make you all, when with her you shall Meet,  
 Fall down and prostrate at her Sacred Feet :  
 So Heavens protect you, and your *English Church*,  
 So far as truly Christian, without Burch,  
 Which are the wishes of your faithful Friends,  
 When Truth prevails, 'twill make us all amends ;  
 Then to advance her, we will spare no Pains,  
 For by her progress, we shall reap the Gains ;  
 Though for a while, she may yet wear a Vail,  
 Doubtless ere long, Gods Truth will here Prevail.

---

 FINIS

12 SE 65





